Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE ABBEY OF CLUNEDALE,

A TALE,——*continued.*

WHILE Edward, in ſacred regard to the nobleſt feelings of humanity, forbore to interrupt the progreſs of emotions ſo friendly to virtue and contrition, the muſic, which had gradually, and with many a dying cloſe, breathed fainter and fainter on the ear, now, in tones that whiſpered peace and mercy, and which ſounded ſweet as the accents of departed ſaints, melted into air, and deep ſilence again pervaded the abbey. This, however, continued not long, for in a few moments was heard the echo of light footſteps, and preſently Courtenay, by the glimmering of the lamp, indiſtinctly beheld ſome object which, gliding rapidly up the choir, moved toward the ſpot where the ſtranger was yet kneeling. His aſtoniſhment was increaſed when, on its approaching nearer, he could perceive the form of a young and elegant woman. She was cloathed perfectly in white, except where the veſt was bound by a black zone, and over her ſhoulders flowed negligently a profuſion of light brown hair. A ſmile of the moſt winning ſweetneſs played upon her features, though the dewy luſtre of her eye, and the tears that lingered on her cheek, revealed the ſtruggles of the heart. The ſtranger, who had riſen at her approach, embraced her with the moſt affectionate emotion they were both ſilent, however, and both now kneeling on the marble ſlab, employed ſome time in prayer. Nothing ever appeared to Courtenay more intereſting than the countenance of this beautiful young woman, thus lighted up by all the ſenſibility of acute feeling: her eyes bathed in tears, and lifted toward heaven, beamed forth an expreſſion truly angelic, while the exquiſite delicacy of her complexion and features, over which the penſive graces had diffuſed their moſt faſcinating charms, together with the ſimplicity and energy of her devotion, as with claſped hands and trembling lips ſhe implored the aſſiſtance of the divine Spirit, formed a picture worthy of the canvas of Raphael.

Edward now ſaw before him the cauſe of thoſe rumors and fears, which had been circulated with ſo much induſtry in the neighborhood; for, ſince the appearence of this amiable young woman, he had been perfectly convinced that the muſic to which he had lately liſtened with ſo much rapture, had its origin with her. In a ſtill night theſe ſounds might be heard to ſome diſtance, and, together with the glimmering of the light, would occaſion no ſmall alarm to the peaſant, who ſhould happen at that time to be paſſing near the abbey, and whoſe apprehenſions, thus excited, might eaſily create ſome imaginary being the offſpring of ignorance and terror; or perhaps ſome pilgrim, more daring than the reſt, had penetrated the interior of the ruin, and had probably beheld one of the very ſtriking figures now preſent to his eyes. This, without further enquiry, he had deemed what indeed would, at firſt, be the ſurmiſe of any ſpectator, ſome viſion of another world, and had thus ſtrengthened the ſuperſtition of the country, and protected the ſecluſion of the ſtrangers.

As theſe reflections were paſſing through his mind, the intereſting objects which had given them birth, had riſen from their kneeling poſture, and after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight, were arm in arm retiring from the ſacred marble, when Edward whoſe eagerneſs to diſcover the motives of the elder ſtranger's conduct had been greatly augmented ſince the appearance of his fair companion, determined, if poſſible, to trace them to the place of their abode. Entering the choir therefore, by one of the lateral doors, he followed them with ſlow and ſilent footſteps, preſerving ſuch a diſtance as, he thought, might prevent the lamp from revealing his perſon. He had purſued them in this manner unobſerved through the choir, but upon their ſuddenly turning at an acute angle to enter the cloiſters, the light ſtreaming faintly on his figure, diſcovered him to the younger ſtranger, who, uttering a loud ſhriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend.

Courtenay now, immediately ruſhing forward, endeavored to allay their apprehenſions by informing them of his name and place of reſidence, and the motives which had, at this time of night, led him to viſit the abbey; he told them that filial piety having drawn him to the tomb of his father, he had very unexpectedly perceived a light in the interior of the building, which ſtrongly exciting his curioſity, and corroborating the reports of the country, he had endeavored to aſcertain its cauſe, and in ſodoing had diſcovered the attitude and employment of the elder ſtranger, who, together with his fair attendant, rather increaſing than mitigating his aſtoniſhment, he had attempted, by following them at a diſtance, to aſcertain their abode, it being his intention at ſome future period to ſolicit an explanation of what he had now witneſſed.

While Edward was yet ſpeaking, a ghaſtly paleneſs overſpread the countenance of the elder ſtranger; it was momentary, however, for ſoon reſuming his tranquility, he addreſſed Courtenay in a low, but firm tone of voice. "I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid he, "to have occaſioned by my partial reſidence here ſo much apprehenſion among the inhabitants of your village, but as I have reaſons for wiſhing concealment, at leaſt for a time, I have thought it neceſſary, tho' acquainted with their fears, not to undeceive them. But with you I know already I can have no motives for diſguiſe, for though from great change of feature, brought on by deep ſorrow, and great change of apparel, I have hitherto eſcaped your recognition, you will find by and by that we were formerly better acquainted. In the mean time, I will conduct you to the ſpot we inhabit, where, ſhould you wiſh for an explanation of the extraordinary ſcenes you have been a ſpectator of this night, the recital, though it will coſt me many ſtruggles, ſhall be given you, and I do this, ſtrange as it may now ſound to you, actuated by the recollection of paſt friendſhip." Having ſaid this, he and his beautiful partner, who had liſtened with almoſt as much ſurpriſe as Edward to an addreſs ſo unexpected, moved ſlowly on, and Courtenay, occupied in fruitleſs conjecture, followed in ſilence.

They paſſed along a large portion of the cloiſters, whoſe perſpective, as ſeen by the dreary light of the lamp, had a ſingularly awful effect, and then, aſcending ſome ſteps, entered what is called the dormitory, and which was carried over this part of the abbey to a conſiderable diſtance. Her, in two ſmall chambers, where the roof remained ſufficiently entire, were a couple of beds, and a ſmall quantity of neat furniture, and here the ſtranger pauſing invited Edward to enter. "Theſe rooms," obſerved he, "are my occaſional habitation for at leaſt twice a week during the night; but before I commence the melancholy narrative of my crimes and ſufferings, I will endeavor to recall your recollection to your companion in arms upon the continent; for this purpoſe I will retire for a few minutes, and put on the dreſs I uſually come hither in, the habit you now ſee upon me, being merely aſſumed, after reaching this place, as beſt ſuited to the ſituation of my mind, to the penitence and humiliation that await me here." His tone of ſpeaking as he thus addreſſed Courtenay, was perceivably altered, being much more open and full than before, and brought to Edward's ear a voice he had been accuſtomed to, though he could not at the moment appropriate it to any individual of his acquaintance. During his abſence his amiable companion, who had not perfectly recovered from the alarm into which ſhe had been thrown by Courtenay's intruſion, ſat ſilent and reſerved, until Edward, obſerving ſome manuſcript muſic in the room, ventured to enquire if the exquiſite performance he had liſtened to with ſo much delight in the abbey, had not originated with her. A deep ſigh at this queſtion eſcaped her boſom, and her eyes filled with tears, while in tremulous accents ſhe replied, that owing to the great relief and ſupport her brother experienced from muſic, ſhe always accompanied him to this place, and that it was a ſource of the pureſt happineſs to her to be thus able, through the medium of her harp and voice, to alleviate and ſoothe his ſorrows. For this purpoſe the inſtrument was left at the abbey, and was placed in that part of the ruin where its tones were beſt heard, and produced the moſt pleaſing effect. At this inſtant the door opening, the ſtranger entered clothed in a mourning military undreſs, and bearing a taper in his hand; he placed himſelf, the light gleaming ſteadily on his countenance, oppoſite Courtenay, who involuntarily ſtarted at his appearence. "Do you not remember," he exclaimed, "the officer who was wounded by your ſide at the battle of Zutphen?" "My God!" cried Edward, "can it be Clifford?" "The ſame, my friend, the ſame," he replied, "though affliction has anticipated on his features the characters of age. You behold, Courtenay, the moſt unfortunate, the moſt miſerable of men; but let me not pain my ſweet Caroline by the recital of facts, which have wounded almoſt to diſſolution, her tender heart:---we will walk, my friend, into the abbey; its awful gloom will better ſuit the dreadful tale I have to unfold." Saying this, and promiſing his ſiſter to return in a few minutes, they deſcended into the cloiſters, and from thence through the choir into the body of the church.

The tranquillity of the night, and the light and refreſhing breeze that yet lingered amid the ruin, and ſwept through its long withdrawing aiſles, were unavailing to mitigate the agitation of Clifford, as with trembling footſteps he paſſed along the choir, "Oh, my friend," he exclaimed, "the ſpirits of thoſe I have injured hover near us! Beneath that marble ſlab, my Courtenay, on which you ſaw me kneel with ſo much horror and

remorſe, repoſe the relics of a beloved wife, the moſt amiable of her ſex, and who owes her death---God of mercy! regiſter not the deed, to the wild ſuggeſtions of my jealous frenzy." While thus ſpeaking, they hurried rapidly forward toward the weſtern part of the abbey, and here, Clifford, reſuming more compoſure, proceeded in his narrative. [Concluded in our next.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is not only a man's ornament, but his inſtrument---it is the great man's glory, and poor man's ſtock. A man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letter of credit. All men muſt acknowledge lying to be one of the moſt ſcandalous vices; a crime of a deep dye, and of an extenſive nature---leading into innumerable ſins; for it is practiſed to deceive, injure, betray, rob, ſteal, deſtroy, and the like. Lying, in this ſenſe, is the concealing of all other crimes---the ſheep's clothing upon the wolf's back---the Phariſee's prayer---the harlot's bluſh---the hypocrites paint---the murderer's ſmile, and the thief's cloak.

Lying is a ſin deſtructive to ſociety; for there is no trade where there is not truth---and yet this curſed trade of lying creeps into all trades, as if there was no living without it; but ſure it is, we had better be loſers than liars, for he ſells a dear bargain indeed that ſells his conſcience with his commodity.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

WE are told that the faſhion lately adopted by our young bucks, of wearing GAITERS with TROWSERS, has obtained the name of the "BANTOM DRESS," from the appearance it gives the perſon who wears it, to a ſmall breed of poultry brought from that place, whoſe legs and feet are covered with feathers to the ends of their toes. What makes the reſemblance the more ſtriking is, that the aforeſaid dreſs is chiefly worn by perſons of ſmall ſtature.

IN a morning paper, Mr McGLUE announces a ſeparation from his ſpouſe. We ſhould ſuppoſe a huſband ſo tenacious of his rights as this adheſive name indicates, would ſtick cloſe to his partner.

A number of perſons in Piedmont, who have been commiſſioned to raiſe recruits for St. Domingo, have very appropriately diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the title of UNDERTAKERS.

A tailor, who was accuſtomed to ſteal ſome of his cuſtomers' cloth, when he came to make himſelf a ſuit, ſtole half a yard of his own. His wife, perceiving it, aſked the reaſon: "O, (ſaid he) 'tis to keep my hand in, leſt at any time I ſhould forget."

AN orator in Shetland, in 1644, declaiming againſt the growing ſin of LUXURY, concluded by ſaying, That ſuch was the rapid progreſs of that vice in the iſland, that he underſtood ſome of the inhabitants changed their linen ONCE A QUARTER.

RABELAIS tells us a ſtory of one Philipot Placut, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which perhaps cauſes many, ſays he, not to pay theirs, for fear of a like accident.

PIETY AND BRAVERY.

THESE two ineſtimable qualities uſually accompany each other, at leaſt real piety and true bravery. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, an Engliſh Admiral in Queen Elizabeth's time, was an inſtance of this. He was ſeen in the dreadful tempeſt which ſwallowed up his ſhip, ſitting unmoved in the ſtern of the veſſel, with a book in his hand; and was often heard to ſay, "Courage, my lads, we are as near Heaven at ſea as on land." He always wore on his breaſt a golden anchor, ſuſpended by a pearl, which was given him by Elizabeth.

ANECDOTES.

SOME years ſince, a reſpectable clergyman in Litchfield County, (Conn.) was reproving an old Indian for his cruel and revengeful conduct towards thoſe who had offended him: "You ſhould love your enemies, (obſerved the parſon) and preſerve an affection for thoſe that hurt you." "I do love my enemies, (retorted the ſon of Nature) and have a great affection for them that hurt me." "No ſuch thing, (returned the clergyman) you don't love your enemies." "I do." "Who are the enemies you love?" "Rum and cyder."

AN Oxford ſcholar was invited to ſpend ten days with ſome jovial friends at Cambridge. They plied him ſo well with liquor every night during that period, that he could never riſe before dinner. On his return, being aſked how he liked the place, he anſwered, Well enough, but

LAURA,---AN ELEGY:

Imitated from PETRARCH, by Sir WM. JONES.

[CONCLUDED.

GO, plaintive breeze, to LAURA's flowery bier,
Heave the warm ſigh, and ſhed the tender tear.
There to the awful ſhade due homage pay,
And ſoftly thus addreſs the ſacred clay:
"Say, envied earth, that doſt thoſe charms inſold,
"Where are thoſe cheeks, and where thoſe locks of gold?
"Where are thoſe eyes, which, oft the muſe has ſung?
"Where thoſe ſweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
"Ye radiant treſſes, and thou nectar'd ſmile;
"Ye locks that might the melting ſkies beguile;
"You robb'd my ſoul of reſt, my eyes of ſleep;
"You taught me how to love, and how to weep."

No ſhrub o'erhangs the dew-beſpangled vale,
No bloſſom trembles to the dying gale,
No flow'ret bluſhes in the morning rays,
No ſtream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguiſh throbs my tortur'd breaſt,
What pains conſume me, and what cares infeſt.
At bluſh of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-ey'd phantom ſwims before my ſight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
Flows the loud riv'let down the mountain's brow?
Or pants the zephyr on the waving bough?
Or ſips the lab'ring bee her balmy dews,
And with ſoft ſtrains her fragrant toil purſues?
Or warbles from yon ſilver-bloſſom'd thorn
The wakeful bird, that hails the riſing morn?
My LAURA's voice in many a ſoothing note,
Floats thro' the yielding air, or ſeems to float:

"Why fill thy ſighs, ſhe ſays, this lonely bow'r?
Why down thy boſom flows this endleſs ſhow'r?
Complain no more; but hope ere long to meet
Thy much lov'd LAURA in a happier ſeat.
Here fairer ſcenes detain my parted ſhade;
Suns that ne'er ſet, and flowers that never fade:
Through chryſtal ſkies I wing my joyous flight,
And revel in eternal blaze of light;
See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
And ſmile at all thy hopes at all thy fears,
Death wak'd my ſoul, that ſlept in life before,
And ope'd theſe brighten'd eyes, to ſleep no more."

She ends: the fates that will no more reveal,
Fix on her cloſing lips their ſacred ſeal.
"Return ſweet ſhade!" I wake, and fondly ſay,
"O cheer my gloom with one fair-beaming ray!
"Return: thy charms my ſorrow will diſpel,
"And ſnatch my ſpirit from her mortal cell;
"Then, mix'd with thine, exulting ſhe ſhall fly,
"And bound enraptur'd through her native ſky."
She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return;
Tears guſh in ſtreams, and ſighs my boſom burn.

Ye banks that oft my weary limbs have borne;
Ye murmuring brooks that learnt of me to mourn;
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;
Ye groves, where love once taught my ſteps to ſtray;
You, ever ſweet and ever fair, renew
Your ſtrains melodious, and your blooming hue;
But not in my ſad heart can bliſs remain,
My heart, the haunt of never ceaſing pain.

Henceforth, to ſing in ſmoothly-warbled lays
The ſmiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;
To ſee the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of roſes, and her curls of gold;
Led by the ſacred muſe at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or ſhady grove;
To watch the ſtars, that gild the lucid pole,
And view you orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous ſtrain;
No more ſhall theſe my penſive ſoul delight,
But each gay viſion melts in endleſs night.

Nymphs, who in glimmering glades by moonlight dance,
And ye, who through the liquid chryſtal glance,
Who oft have heard my ſadly pleaſing moan;
Behold me now a lifeleſs marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where LAURA lies;
Clouds, fold me round; and, gather'd darkneſs, riſe;
Hear me, ye gales, in Death's ſoft ſlumber laid;
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting ſhade!

SCRAP.

Malicious ſlander never would have leiſure,
To [illegible] with prying eyes, for faults abroad
If ev'ry man conſider'd his own heart,
And were the errors which he found at home,

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WOMAN.

WOMAN is a precious treaſure beſtowed upon man by the beneficent Author of his exiſtence. To them do we owe the nobleſt joys, the moſt refined pleaſures that we poſſeſs. Endowed by the hand of nature with all thoſe external charms which enchant the eye; poſſeſſing a ſoul ſuſceptible of the moſt tender impreſſions---the moſt lively ſenſibility, they are peculiarly calculated to cheer the lonely hour, and to ſooth the breaſt of man under the moſt poignant affliction.

Inheriting from their birth a principle of delicacy and refinement, and debarred by a law, which cuſtom impoſes on the ſex, from ſcenes which corrupt the mind and vitiate the underſtanding, they imbibe in their early youth, principles of virtue and religion, which as age advances derive increaſing ſtrength.

Ever open to the voice of diſtreſs, and active in the cauſe of humanity; glowing with tenderneſs to thoſe who are doomed to bear "Fate's hardeſt cruſh," and feeling a general ſympathy for objects of miſery, they will ever poſſeſs an exalted ſtation in the view of the worthy part of the community.

To the diſgrace of human nature be it remarked, that their talents and their virtues are too often undervalued by the oppoſite ſex. They are repreſented by them as a race of beings deſtitute either of virtue or excellence, intended merely as ſervants to man, and poſſeſſing no one amiable quality. It is a fact, that in all ages of the world, in proportion as mankind have advanced in civilization, in the ſame proportion have the ſofter ſex been eſteemed and treated with reſpect,---what an argument this in their favor!

The contempt in which they are held by a certain claſs of men, ariſes from their frequenting the company of the vicious, to the neglect of the worthy and refined, of the ſex. Thoſe who have contracted this idea, diſplay their utter ignorance of human nature.

June 24. WILLIAM.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

IT is well known of Marſhal Turenne, that his true heroiſm, (for ſuch it really was) was only to be equalled by his ſolid and manly piety, equally remote upon the one hand from the ſuperſtitions of his own age, and upon the other from the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honor, (falſely ſo called) was preſerved in its full extravagance, the Marſhal was never known either to fight a duel, or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity, with which he once releaſed himſelf from an embarraſſment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a ſufficient anſwer to the favorite queſtions of the defenders of duelling---"how is a challenge to be refuſed?"---how is it to be refuſed?---let this anecdote of the Marſhal anſwer them---" A young officer of noble family, and in deſpite of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined himſelf to have received an inſult from the marſhal, and demanded ſatisfaction in the uſual forms. The Marſhal made no reply to his challenge, the officer repeated it ſeveral times, but the Marſhal ſtill maintained the ſame ſilence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer reſolved to compel him to the acceptance of his invitation: for this purpoſe he watched him upon his walks, and at length meeting him in the public ſtreet, accompanied by two other general officers, he hurried towards him, and to the aſtoniſhment and even terror of all who ſaw him, ſpit in the Marſhal's face. Let us endeavor to form ſome conception of the groſſneſs of his inſult---the object of it was the great Turenne---a Marſhal of France, and one of the greateſt generals which Europe had produced. The companions of the Marſhal ſtarted back in amazement; the Marſhal, his countenance glowing from a ſenſe of the indignity, ſeized the hilt of his ſword, and had already half unſheathed it, when, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators he ſuddenly returned it into the ſcabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, "Young man," ſaid he, "could I wipe your blood from my conſcience with as much eaſe as I can your ſpittle from my face, I would take your life on the ſpot. Go ſir."

Saying this, the Marſhal retired in all the majeſty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was ſo much ſtruck as well with his manner as with his virtue, that he did not ceaſe till he had obtained the pardon of the Marſhal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and under ſuch a preceptor, he became almoſt the rival of his fame.

Remark. As it is the characteriſtic of great wits to ſay much in few words, ſo ſmall wits have the gift of ſpeaking much, and ſaying nothing.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, July 2, 1803.

WAR!

the ship John Morgan, capt. Howard, from Lon-
we received the long expected news of War between
and and France.
, Excellency Rufus King, Esq late American minister
court of Great-Britain, came passenger in th John
n.
r. King informs us, that Louisiana, including New-
ns, is absolutely ceded to the United-States by France.
are the boundaries of the territory ceded, and what
nditions of purchase, is not precisely known.
der the Paris head of the 17th May, it is said: "We
redibly informed, that the dispute between the States
erica and the Court of Spain, respecting Louisiana,
pily adjusted; and that this arrangement was princi-
brought about by the just and pacific views of the
h government, who were not disposed to permit the
of those countries to be disturbed by war. Some
s speak of a session that is to be made in favor of the
ican States"
d, under date of the 18th, is the following: "The
al of war between this country and France, has pro-
essential service to America. Private letters from
ance, that the American minister, Mr. Monroe, has
tely succeeded in the object of his mission, and that
these three days the French government has ceded to
Americans the possession of Louisiana. It is further
upon the same respectable authority, that a sum of
,000 dollars, due from France, to individuals of the
d States, to obtain the payment of which was one of
Monroe's principal objects, has been given by the lat-
he American minister having consented, that the gov-
ent of the United States shall take that debt upon itself.
[Daily Gaz.

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ters from Batavia of the 20th February, mention the
of Capt. RICHARD M. ASCOUGH, of the ship
ne, of this port, at Sumatra.

—

attempt has been made to set fire to the town of
bia, (S. C.) in consequence of which the Governor
ued his proclamation, offering a reward of two hun-
dollars for apprehending the incendiary.

negro girl who murdered the child of Mr. Bruyn,
ioned in this paper the 18th ult. was tried and con-
at the circuit court held at Kingston (Esopus) last
received sentence of death, and is to be executed
ay.

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ACCIDENTS.

Sunday morning a child fell out of the window of
ird story of a house near Vine-street, Philadelphia,
would have been deprived of life had it not been for
rovidential interference of a man standing at the door
g a horse. He saw the child fall, and instantly step-
nder the window and received it in his arms, with-
receiving much injury.

Tuesday last, at Monmoth, while several of the inha-
s were firing at marks, Mr. Daniel Rand was unfor-
ly shot by the unexpected discharge of a gun in the
of Mr. Joseph Chandler. Mr Rand was standing
Mr. Chandler while priming his gun, which accident-
went off, and discharged its whole contents in the left
of Mr. R. and instantly put a period to his existence.
e left a wife and several children to lament his untime-
th.

Saturday evening the house of Abraham Van Val-
gh, in Catskill, was struck with lightning, and a
ter of John Woolford, his neighbor, aged 12, sitting
e chimney, was instantly killed.

—

DROWNED.

Thursday last week, two girls, one aged 15 the
13, were amusing themselves by sailing on a plank
gle-kill creek, in the town of Canton, Green county,
floating over a deep hole, one of them sprung from
nk to regain the shore, but failed and sunk---and
er in attempting to save her went down also. Ano-
irl was on the shore, who ran for assistance, and the
were taken up in about 20 minutes, but all attempts
scitate them were ineffectual.

white lad and a black man were lately drowned in
hore, by striving to hold their breath and remain un-
er longer than their companions, while bathing in
er; and another lad, trying the same experiment,
ken up to appearance lifeless, and recovered with
ulty.

Extract of a letter, dated MONTREAL (Canada) June 10

"On the 7th, at noon, we were alarmed by fire in the St. Lawrence suburbs, when I went, and was sorry to see many inhabitants in distress. The alarm was again rung for fire in the jail; I returned to the city and found the Jesuits and Protestant churches on fire, and in the course of the evening, was witness to a terrible scene---two churches, one college, and twenty seven houses on fire; the jail burnt to the ground---and I believe, had it not been for the plentiful supply which the Montreal works produced, the greater part of the city would have been laid in ashes. We are now making a collection for the relief of the distressed. The trustees of the Seminary are now engaged in providing a suitable house for the purpose of continuing the school."

—

HARRISBURG, (Penn.) June 6.

A melancholy circumstance happened in Mifflin town, last Wednesday ---The wife of James M'Key ignorantly took a tea spoonful of white arsenic, instead of cream of tartar.---The circumstances, as related by a gentleman directly from thence, are as follow:---A Tinker, who lived about the house, had a small quantity of arsenic, which he used in soddering---Mrs M'Key perceiving it, alledged it to be some cream of tartar which she had in the house, took the above quantity; immediately after, she began to vomit.---But what remained on her stomach put a period to her existence in seven hours.

—

SHIPWRECK.

A letter from Gardenstown says---On Tuesday the 19th April we had a very hard gale from W. S. W. which increased towards afternoon to a complete hurricane, abating only by short intervals throughout the night. Next morning, a variety of wreck, scattered along the shore, announced the destruction of some vessel at no great distance. Some of the inhabitants, eager to make further discovery, went to survey the west rocks, where, from the top of the stupendous promontory, in a curved shore, called Whalecove, they discovered a large mass of wreck, which convinced them that this had been the scene of the unfortunate event they had anticipated. Actuated by a spirit of enterprizing humanity, some young men ventured to crawl down the tremendous precipice, and notwithstanding the fluctuating and furious flaps of wind peculiar to the time and place, actually descended the depth of nine-hundred feet perpindicular. On reaching the bottom of the rock, their attention and feelings were suddenly interested in a very striking object indeed---the only survivor of an unfortunate crew (eleven in number) insulated on a rock near the wreck, in whom the tide of life was fast ebbing! nor was it till low water that these laudable adventurers were able to relieve him from this dread asylum---This, however, they happily effected: and succeeded, weak and bruised as he was, in bringing him safe up the hill---an atchievement which any stranger would certainly pronounce impossible. The wreck proves to be the Reliance of Newcastle, William Allen, master, 198 tons register; sailed from Shields on the 17th, coal-laden for Jamaica.---The bodies of six of the crew have been found and interred.
[Lond. pap.

—

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

THE public attention in Germany is now much devoted to the famous robber SCHINDERHANNES, who was taken and delivered up to the French, about two month's ago, with several of his associates. A thousand anecdotes are related of this extraordinary man, who is said never to have attacked the poor, but even, on the contrary, to have been their friend and supporter, robbing the rich, the clergy, and Jews in particular, to afford them succour; maintaining among his associates, nearly 800 in number, a severe discipline and punishing even with death such of them as transgressed their voluntary submission to his control. After being all last year the terror of the left bank of the Rhine, and laying under periodical contribution all the country between Mayence, and Coblentz, he transferred his gang to the right bank of the river in Franconia, and was at length arrested as a suspicious character, on coming into Runkelischen one day, a little market town, in the character of a pedlar, with a horse and cart full of wares, as was frequently his practice, upon a reconnoitering scheme: to avoid more minute investigation, he there enlisted with the Austrians, and being sent to the general rendezvous at Frankfort, was recognised and betrayed by an associate. He then acknowledged himself to be Schinderhannes, and was at the request of the French Minister delivered up to the Republic, and conducted, with several of his associates apprehended in the interim, particularly one called Black Jones, in great notoriety, to Mayence, where he now remains a close prisoner as well as his father and mother.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY the pair whom love and reason join,
When virtue sanctifies the bond divine,
To them a paradise on earth is given,
And when from time they go, they rest in Heaven.

MARRIED,

On the 19th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. JAMES WELLS, to Miss FANNY AYMAR.

At Mendham, N. J. on the 19 ult. by the Rev. Amzi Armstrong Mr. WILLIAM BLAZER, aged 16, to Miss CATHERINE YAYDEN, aged 11.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. JOHN VAN ANTEN, to Miss MARY NORWOOD EVARITT, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr Beach, Mr. ROBERT DALE, merchant to Mrs. MARY KIEMAN, both of this city.

Same evening, at Springfield, N. J. by the Rev. Dr. Williams, Mr. FRANCIS HUGUET, merchant of this city, to Miss ELIZA CUTTURE, daughter of the late M. Cuture, Esq. of the Island of St. Croix.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. MICHAEL CASEY, merchant of Catskill, to Mrs. H. W. ANDERSON, of this city.

MORTALITY.

IN Health's gay morn, in blushing roseate bloom,
When budding beauties drink the living ray,
Nipp'd by a frost they wither in the tomb,
The short liv'd flowrets of a summer's day.

DIED,

On Wednesday, the 25th May, at the island of Trinidad, Mr. WILLIAM L. WILLIS, of this city. He was a young man of promising talents and engaging manners.

The city clerk reports the death of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last,---7 of whom were adults 21 children, and 2 not distinguished.

Celebration of the Fourth of July.

The different Societies and the Uniform Companies will convene at and near the Park. The Procession will move at ten o'clock through the principal streets to the New-Dutch Church, where the Declaration of Independence will be read by SAMUEL COWDREY, and an Oration pronounced by JOHN D. MILLER. Music will be performed at intervals, and an Ode, composed for the occasion by WALTER TOWNSEND, sung by a select company.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

In commemoration of the glorious day which gave existence to our country as a nation, will be performed, for the first time, a Play in five acts, (written for the occasion) interspersed with Songs, Duets, and Choruses, called,

The Glory of Columbia,

HER YEOMANRY.

With a variety of new Scenery and Machinery, never before exhibited.

After which Signor Manfredi will perform the most astonishing Feat in balancing on the Rope, ever known. He will rapidly ascend from the back part of the Stage, crossing the whole house over the heads of the spectators, to the upper part of the Gallery.

The Entertainments to conclude with the Farce of
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS

Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,

IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.

☞ Tickets are now selling at Six Dollars and an half, In a few days they will rise to Seven Dollars.

STOLEN.

A large pointed Bed-Quilt with stars intermixed, and a globe in the centre; a set of white muslin Window-Curtains fringed, and in the newest fashion; a black Satin Cloak, and sundry other articles not remembered. Any information respecting the above articles, left with the Printer will be duly attended to,

COURT OF APOLLO.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE HAPPY PEASANT.

'TIS morn,---and the landscape is lovely to view,
The nightingale warbles her song in the groves,
And see, where with lustre resplendent, bright Sol
Above the horizon now darts forth his rays;
While the peasant, with glee, goes his task to renew,
And cheerfully whistles, as onward he loves,
And oft, when fatigu'd by exertion, the bowl
Cheers his spirits; the peasant thus passes his days.

'Tis eve,---and the landscape grows dim on the sight,
With rays faintly glimm'ring Sol sinks in the west;
The peasant with joy now returns to his cot,
And his offspring he views with a father's fond gaze.
Hark! music has broke on the silence of night,
'Tis the peasant, who ere he retires to his rest,
On his lute softly plays, and he blesses his lot
With fervent devotion----thus passes his days.

June 28. FERDINAND.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AMERICANS! welcome, and hail the blest day;
Let the full heart of rapture expand with delight;
The dictates of Liberty gladly obey,
And with Freedom the glow of Benev'lence unite:
Let the cares of the world be dispers'd with the wind,
And blest Independence alone fill each mind;---
Let Grief make a pause---and bless the decree
That loos'd all our chains, and bade millions be free.

O'er the wide fields of Europe see Anarchy sweep,
See the foul fiend of Discord extend her wide jaws;
The standard of Tyranny waves o'er the deep,
And old ocean seems bleeding in Liberty's cause:
But here the sweet Olive expands her wide leaf,
Here the goddess of Harvest still binds the rich sheaf,
And Time, as he flies, still confirms the decree,
"Till Time is no more, shall Columbia be free."

Then fill the gay bumper---to Liberty fill---
To the birth-day of Freedom---and join the warm hand;
May true Independence our charter be still,
And Peace shed her blessings o'er this thrice happy land:
May the foul seeds of faction ne'er poison our joy,
Nor the wiles of a tyrant our blessings annoy,
But the pen of an angel inscribe the decree---
"Evelong, like Columbia, the world shall be free."

ANECDOTE.

AN ignorant soldier at Quebec, observing some of his comrades stay behind at church, asked them, on their coming out, what was the reason? They told him, jeeringly, that the parson had treated them with some wine. "No other liquor?" says the other. Seeing he swallowed the bait, they answered, that he might have whatever liquor he chose. Next Sunday he staid to have his share; and when the clergyman offered him the wine, he put his hand to his head in token of salutation, and modestly observed, That he should prefer punch.

Terms of subscription to H. CARITAT's public Libraries.

LITERARY ROOM.

Subscribers, citizens of New-York, or residents in the country, to pay at the time of subscribing, for one year 10 dollars, or 6 dollars for 6 months, &c. They shall be entitled to the privilege of delivering during the whole period, a Ticket of Admission to the said Literary Room to any one stranger, their friend, with the library to extend its continuance to one month for the same person.

Strangers subscribing in their own name, to pay for three months 4 dollars 50 cents; 3 dols. 50 cents for two months; 2 dols. 75 cts. for one month, and 1 dol 50 cts. per week.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Subscribers at 8 dollars per year; 4 dols. 75 cts. for six months; 2 dols. 75 cts. for three months, and 1 dollar per month---are entitled to Six Books in Town, or Eight in the Country.

Subscribers at 6 dollars per year; 3 dols. 50 cts. for 6 months; 2 dols. for three months, and 75 cents per month; are entitled to four books in town, or six in the country.

Subscribers at 4 dollars per year; 2 dols. 50 cts. for six months; 1 dol. 25 cts. for three months, and 50 cents per month---are entitled to Two Books at a time.

Non-Subscribers to deposit the value of the Books, and pay per week for each 4to, 25 cents---8vo 19 cents---12mo 12 cents---New octavos and books of the value of 4 dollars, per week 50 cents

MORALIST.

THE number of DUELS that are now fought, prove the sad depravity of the times, and of the little sense men have of another world. "If every one that fought a duel," says Addison, "were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these men of imaginary honor, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

"When honor is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged; but when the dictates of honor are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravation of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable, and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society."

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Afistic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. Feb. 26

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This day is published by G & R. WAITE, Printers, Booksellers, Stationers and Patent Medicine Venders, No. 64 Maiden-lane, (price 75 cents) handsomely bound in red, for the pocket,

THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE, or COMPLETE WOMAN COOK; wherein the art of dressing all sorts of viands is explained in upwards of five hundred approved receipts.

ALSO,

The method of making English and American WINES.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing many new and useful receipts, adapted to the American mode of Cooking.

Also this day is published,

By G. & R. WAITE, (price 75 cents) handsomely bound,

THE UNIVERSAL LETTER WRITER;

Or, New Art of Polite Correspondence;

Containing a course of interesting letters on the most important, instructive, and entertaining subjects, which may serve as copies for inditing letters on the various occurrences in life. May 14.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine, &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously, and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super excellent powers in removing freckles tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilet with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation by reason of eruptive humors on the face.---Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, Perfumer, in Newark, and by appointment, at Dr Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, at Mr John Cauchois' Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. at Mr Harrisson's Book Store, Peck slip, New-York,---also at Mr J. Hopkins' No 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price---pints 1 dol. 25 cents, half-pints 75 cents. tf---361

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Head 114 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Roses, well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving,---with printed directions,---6s. 8s. and per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 9d. per lb---do. let, double scented, 1s 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatum 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

His white almond Wash Ball, 2s. and 3s each, good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s. Do. Vege

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and and leaves them quite smooth, 2s and 4s per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kind roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable

Smith's Savonette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, king it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only at with directions, 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural co the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cos for immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Sh Liquid Blacking---Almond Powder for the Skin, g

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor St Shaving-Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissars, toise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white S Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfu Great allowance to those who sell again. July

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable Lotion

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, Scorbutic and taneous Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, administered by him for several years in Europe and rica with the most unparalleled success. By the application of this fluid night and morning, or occasi thrice a day, it will remove the most rancorous and ming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet pow and possesses all the good qualities of the most cele Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and some dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recom it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispe appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash,

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND M FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and low and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectual moved. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infa

A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficie prove its value.------Price, half pints, 75 cents---Pin Dollar 25 cents. July 2. 1803

JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by T. H. BURNTON, No. 116 Way, opposite the City-Hotel, elegant hot pressed em letter paper with fancy colored borders. Superfi pressed letter paper plain and gilt, visiting cards, pla gilt; drawing paper of all sizes; drawing books, water colors, india ink, crayon and camels hair pe warranted lead pencils, bank note cases, Ladies' an pocket books and thread cases, warranted scissars, &c every article in the stationary line, on the most rea terms. May

Sold at J. Harrisson's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-S

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all ki

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, paid in ad